

From the North Carolina Watchman.
**WILL TRUST IN PROVIDENCE
ONE DAY LONGER.**

A SHORT TALE. On John's River, in the county of Burke, there lived a worthy old gentleman by the name of Copening. He was a man well at ease in point of worldly substance, and was known far and near for his charity and hospitality. There happened in the year — a remarkable scarcity of provisions, especially grain. Money also was scarce, and times every way hard. Hunger, aching, maddening hunger was felt by a few in every neighborhood, and in some cases we have heard of its proceeding to starvation; but to the honor of our country and to the honor of human nature it is said, these cases were extremely rare. In these difficult times, however, old Mr. Copening happened to have a large and well filled corncrib, which for a long time, he would not open; grain became scarcer, the prices rose higher and higher, and still the old man held up his corn as some supposed for a higher price. At length Mr. Copening began to let his corn go—but money could not buy it—to those who had money he would say "you can get something to preserve life for your money"; there are many who have no money, and being without food, they must perish unless those who are blessed with the means shall feed them.

Of course, the number that came without money and put up piteous tales was great. But this was foreseen, and before he had opened his crib, Copening had taken pains to find out who were really objects requiring his assistance. One safe rule he adopted agains imposition was, not to let his charity go too far from home. If this rule was now generally adopted, much more real good would be effected with the amount annually contributed by us of the South. This rule, however, like all general rules, will sometimes work wrong, and it did with our hero (and he better deserves that name than thousands who have gained it, by the numbers they have slaughtered of the human family). A man bringing a bag with him came to Copening from a distant neighborhood, and told the usual story of wife and children being without bread, and being sorely wrought with hunger, &c., but no corn was to be had, and the disappointed man, with a heavy heart, turned his steps home-ward, and for a time was no more thought of. In the course of the afternoon, however, word came to old Mr. Copening that a suspicious-looking stranger with bag on his shoulder was seen lurking about his premises: a few particulars more satisfied him that this was the applicant for charity who had visited him that morning, and that he had design to rob his crib, that night; accordingly himself and another of his family secreted themselves and waited events. But they did not wait long before the stranger with the bag on his shoulder was seen making his way towards the crib; the crib was opened, not a dog was heard to bark, or the least difficulty opposed to his purpose: He entered and with a deliberation, or rather hesitation, that surprised the observers, he proceeded to fill the bag. "This being done, he tied it, and unlike such visitors generally he continued on the spot with his hand still on the bag, apparently in great mental agony; at length, he rose suddenly, untied the bag, poured out the corn, and said, "I will trust to Providence one day longer." He departed in peace, but he did not trust in Providence in vain: old Mr. Copening being satisfied from his own observation, that this man was indeed in a state of extreme suffering; moreover, that he was of an honest heart, sent his son on the next morning with a full bag of corn, with a message that when that was out to let him know it, and he should have corn whenever he wished it.

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.—"Mother, this bread is very hard—why don't we have cake and nice things as we used when we lived in the great house? Oh, that was such a pretty house, mama—and I do love to live there so; you made sweet music, there, mama, with your fingers, when pa would sing; pa used to laugh then, and take me on his knee, and said I was his own dear boy. What makes pa sick, mama? I wish he wasn't sick for it makes me afraid when he stamps upon the floor and says so loud, George go off to bed. Say, when will he get well, and take me on his knee, and love me as he used? But, ma, there is a tear in your eye; let me wipe it; but, there, there, another comes; oh, another! did I make you cry these tears, mama?"

Hush, little innocent, you cannot stop your mother's tears, for they are the overflows of a fountain filled with blighted hopes, anguish, and misery. She cannot tell you when your father will love you, for alas! he is a —

I heard a beautiful boy, scarcely four years old, lisp this to his mother—and I pitied him from my innocent soul. His name was George Elwyn. His father was once rich and happy, and nearly idolized his little son; but in an evil hour he began to sip the intoxicating cup; the habit had grown upon him, until the peace of his family was destroyed; and he became a tyrant. The beautiful house in which they had lived was now exchanged for a miserable cottage in the suburbs of the city, and little George doomed to be the companion of the indolent and vicious.—*Com. Herald.*

From the Rochester Democrat Extra.
Saturday, 6 o'clock, P. M.

Balloon Ascension—Shocking Casualty.—As advertised, Lauriat made an ascension from our city on Saturday afternoon. He was cut loose about five o'clock, and passed off toward the east, with a pleasant though somewhat fresh breeze. But the melancholy casualty which took place, marred the interest of the scene. The novelty of the occasion, had, as usual, collected an immense throng, who gathered in groups upon the various dwellings and work shops in the vicinity of the arena. It was fearful to see the recklessness evinced by many of those in these dangerous positions, and we heard only what we had been expecting when one of these work shops, covered by more than an hundred human beings, fell in with a tremendous crash, made horribly terrible by the fearful screams of those upon it.

We hastened to the scene of ruin, and beheld one of the most heart-sickening sights that ever crossed our vision. Fifteen or twenty men and boys lay helpless among the fallen timbers, covered with dead, and groaning most piteously. Of this number at least ten had some of their

limbs broken, while others were dreadfully mangled!

We have seen several of those who have been injured. One of them had an axehandle forced directly through his leg; another had his back broken, and several other legs and arms.

We have no time for further particulars,

The horror evinced by the vast multitude, and particularly by the parents, who knew their children were present, can be more easily imagined than described. We never before witnessed a more painfully exciting scene, and most devoutly hope we never may again.

It is rumored that two or three of those

injured have died. We have not heard so

from any competent authority, and hope it

is not true. One of the sufferers, and the

only one whom we knew, was Mr. Tindell,

of Mr. Kempshall's mill.

This accident should induce our citizens

to discontinue such exhibitions. They

are always attended with more or less mis-

chief, and never do any good.

Cumming. A short time since High

Constable Hays, of N. Y. went to search a

house, where a man had been robbed of \$100 bill.

After a short search, he was

about to leave the premises without success,

when he suddenly turned to the old woman

in attendance, wished her a good bye.

In so doing the crafty officer drew a tailor's

thimble from her finger, in which was

hidden the *identical note!*

This worthy

functionary has obtained such a knowledge

of human nature in consequence of his

long practice, that he is almost omniscient.

"Rot in Office." The editor of the

New York Express gives a new definition

to the phrase. He says it means now-a-days

"Rolling in office all the time or out of one office into a better one."

Eight hundred and fifty three buildings

of different dimensions have been erected

in New York city from the 1st of last May

to the 15th of September, a period of less

than six months.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber is wishing to sell his

valuable FARM, pleasantly situated

in the centre of Washington, on the public

road leading from Montpelier to Thetford,

fifteen miles from the capital of the state,

and six miles from the county seat at

Chelsea, consisting of 200 acres of excellent

land under a good state of cultivation,

and well watered and fenced, containing

200 rods of stone wall, with a dwelling

house by 40, a wood house, two large barns

with sheds attached, a corn barn and hog pen.

The buildings are mostly new and well finished. Said farm will be sold cheap for a part of the purchase money down, and the remainder in annual payments to suit the purchaser. The subscriber has also one pair of oxen, ten cows, and two hundred sheep he will sell with the farm if requested. He will recommend said farm to be as good in every point of view as any in the county of Orange of equal size.

ALSO,

One other farm situated at the village in

said Washington, containing one hundred

acres; about thirty acres cleared, and the remainder covered with valuable timber.

The good barn on the premises.

Good

will be given, and possession may be

had next spring.

For further particulars enquire of the

subscriber on the premises.

H. C. WEEDEN.

October 1, 1836. 59

BIBLES! BIBLES!!

A large assortment of Bibles consisting

of:

Large Quarto Family Bibles from \$2.50

to \$7.50;

Pocket Bibles from 75 cts to \$3.50;

Scott's Bibles in 3 vols. \$7.50;

Clark's Commentary on New Testament;

Cout's Bibles;

Polyglot Bibles; large and small;

Comprehensive Bibles;

Octavo Bibles;

Common Bibles from 45 cents to \$1.00.

Just received and for sale by

E. P. WALTON & SON.

Montpelier, June 9, 1836.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber would inform his old

customers and the public that he has

removed his *Saddling Establishment* to a

new building erected near his dwelling

house, a few rods west of the Bank, where

he intends to keep as good an assort-

ment of work as any other shop in the place,

and will sell as cheap.

Those wishing for work in his line of business are invited before they purchase, to call and examine his

work and prices. He assures them that no

exertions on his part shall be wanted, to

please those who patronize him.

A good assortment of **HARDWARE**

always on hand to accommodate those who

wish to purchase by the set or otherwise.

* * * WANTED, an Apprentice to the

above business.

HENRY Y. BARNES.

Montpelier, August 1, 1836. 49t

Goods at Auction!

THE subscriber will sell his remaining

stock of Goods, consisting of English,

Domestic and West India Goods at auction

commencing on Saturday next, at 1 o'clock

P. M. at his store in Middlesex, and con-

tinue the same every succeeding Saturday

until the same is disposed of. Also will

sell at cost at private sale.

H. C. MCINTYRE.

Middlesex, Sept. 28, 1836.

N. B. All demands due the firm of Blake

& McIntyre, must be paid immediately

No mistake.

BOOKS.

A new edition of the Awful Disclosures

of Mariah Monk, of the Hotel Dieu

Nunney of Montreal, revised, with an Ap-

pendix,—also, a supplement giving more

particulars of the Nunney and Grounds

illustrated by a plan of the Nunney.

Just received and for sale by

E. P. WALTON & SON.

FOR SALE.

THREE PEWS on the lower floor of

the Brick Church.

C. & J. WOOD.

Montpelier, Aug. 10, 1836.

ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANACS, for

1837, for sale at this office.

LYMAN

HAS just received a large English Carpeting of various colors and prices.

Also, Splendid CARPET RUGS.

October 3, 1836.

To all Hatters,

IN THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE AND VERMONT.

Greeting.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they have purchased of Richard Pike, of Wilton, in the County of Fairfield, and State of Connecticut, the exclusive right of using and vending his Patent Block, or Machine for coloring and cooling hats, and throughout the States of New Hampshire and Vermont, during the term of said Patent.

It is rumored that two or three of those injured have died. We have not heard so from any competent authority, and hope it is not true. One of the sufferers, and the only one whom we knew, was Mr. Tindell, of Mr. Kempshall's mill.

This accident should induce our citizens to discontinue such exhibitions. They are always attended with more or less mischief, and never do any good.